

# New-Years-Gift

## FOR

# PLOTTERS.

**N**OW dawns the day when *Rome's* bright blazing Stars  
 Must stoop their Heads and answer for those Jars,  
 Which they have caus'd within our Native Clime,  
 As well at present as in former time ;  
 Thus one by one the Comets disappear,  
 To make the Land once more serene and clear :  
*Rome's* Dons must be un-Don'd and stoop their heads,  
 To have their Souls sent to th' Infernal Beds.  
 Surely their Plots must now run down the Stream,  
 Since they have lost the Fore-horse of the Team ;  
 An Aged Biggot that for private Ends  
 Would kill his King and Ruine all his Friends ;  
 Subvert the Government and quite confound,  
 The Name of *Protestant* from *English* Ground,  
 The Faith that's Ancient, Good and Apostolick,  
 And to Enslave us to the See Catholick ;  
 False Innovations, Superstitious Toyes,  
 Not fit for *English* men, but *Romish* Boyes,  
 And Ancient Biggots, that Believe the Church ;  
 Till they are ruined, and left i'th Lurch ;  
 When Merit, Saintship, and their Purgatory,  
 Will prove a frivolous and idle Story.  
 No Medium to be found 'twixt Heaven and Hell }  
 For such as do against their King Rebell, }  
 But where this Lord will, no man can tell ;  
 But this I think, the Heavens will not ope  
 To such as come of Errands from the Pope ;  
 Whose Messages are wrapt in Blood and Treason,  
 Against Gods Laws ; against all humane Reason ;  
 Yet *Rome's* fond Biggots dare rely on Merit,  
 Against the Dictates of the Holy Spirit ;  
 And under that weak Shield they dare to act  
 The greatest Treason and most Horrid Fact ;

And

And think still to escape by Sham-Evasions,  
 Damn'd Lyes, and foolish Reservations, }  
 And both base and roguish Equivocations. }  
 Denying all that they're accused for,  
 Pretelling that they do such Crimes abhor,  
 They'l pray for King and Subject as for Friends,  
 When they perceive they've lost their willt for Ends;  
 Which had they gain'd, must we Mass and *Te Deum* sing,  
 And Fire and Sword in Case of our refusing  
 To entertain the Popish Faith and Creed;  
 These were the things that would their Plots succeed:  
 And though 'tis too well known this is the case,  
 Yet they'l deny't and spit in Justice face;  
 But Heavens forbid that we should ever Trye  
 The Curse of *Rome* in Popish Cruelty:  
 When they'l not blush to act those bloody Crimes,  
 That now they have deny'd so many times.  
 Thus this great Traitor for a Recompence,  
 Wraps Treason in the Cloak of Innocence;  
 And by that Cloak seeks to deceive the Nation,  
 To think his Innocence will gain Salvation:  
 Yet too too well we know these Popish Tricks,  
 And dare not trust the Devils Politicks;  
 Who like their Master Satan dare to lye, }  
 Pth face of Heaven and the open Skye, }  
 And damn their Souls when they are sure to dye. }  
 No wonder *Rome* doth over small ones prey,  
 When they can lead such men as this away.  
 No wonder small ones do deny a Fact,  
 When such as *Stafford* dare deny and act.  
 And for to make a weak and vain defence,  
 Swear Perjury against the Evidence;  
 Whom for our safety God Almighty sent  
 To ruine *Rome* and *Englands* Fall prevent;  
 To save these Kingdoms from the dreadful doom  
 That was contrived by the See of *Rome*,  
 Where great and small was to be Hang'd or Burn'd,  
 That had not to their Popish Notions turn'd:  
 Yet when this Plot on any one is bound,  
 They flat deny it and their Souls confound;  
 But though they are in Innocence disguiz'd,  
 I hope to see them all be *Staffordis'd*.